

# **you had me at "hello" (though, in your case, i guess it's "hi")**

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Ryuko needs a job, so Satsuki forces her into taking a part-time one in the bakery down the street.

(based off an AU prompt by princessryumako on tumblr)

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# Chapter 1

*"... Ryuko."*

*"For the last time, sis -"*

*"No, Ryuko, you need to get a job. For the love of God, you're basically a wanted criminal in your school by this point. I know a bakery by the street not too far from school, you're getting a part-time there."*

*"What?! A bakery? Oh for fuck's sake - a bakery?!"*

*"What's wrong with it? It has good pay, near to your school so it's easy to get through, and it's only a part-time job. They need more workers, anyway."*

*"... Ugh, fine. Geez, sis, one day you're gonna see that this was a horrible decision."*

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The raven-haired girl sighed, blowing the red strand of hair out of her face. A part-time job in a run-down bakery that looked like it had most definitely seen better days... yeah, what a deal. Then again, she should have known this was where someone like her would end up in life. Ryuko leaned on the counter, watching the wall clock tick the seconds away until she could get her back and get the hell out of the place. The air was stale and hot, and the sunny weather outside wasn't making it any better.

Blue eyes flickered to the side, meeting her fellow worker's large brown ones. The brunette blinked in surprise, before grinning sheepishly. "Hi!"

Ryuko raised a hand in acknowledgment.

"Are you the new worker Mom told me about?"

"Maybe."

"You're really cool!" Her eyes sparkled. "What's your name? I'm Mako Mankanshoku!"

'*So that's where the Mankanshoku from "Mankanshoku Bakery" came from?*' Ryuko resisted the urge to roll her eyes. "It's Ryuko. Ryuko Matoi."

"Ohh!" Mako started jumping around her. Ryuko felt her eye twitch. "So, so, are you good at baking and stuff?"

"No." She didn't want to remember all the times she had made a pitiful attempt on making brownies on Satsuki's birthdays.

"Then why're you here?" She cocked her head.

"Money?"

"Good answer!" The brunette grinned cheekily. "Sorry, we don't have a lotta money for your pay. Mom always says the workers come and go. The longest anyone's ever stayed was two months." Mako opened her mouth to say something else, but shut it quickly. "... Um, so! Nice meeting you, Ryuko-chan!"

Then the brunette rushed back inside the back room. Ryuko sighed in relief, resting her elbows on the counter and placing her chin on her palm. Seven minutes to five and then she could go. What a weird girl that was.

Still, the raven-haired girl had a feeling she knew what Mako hadn't said.

Tick. Five pm. Ryuko shouldered her bag and ran right out the door, relishing in the fresh air. '*Please let sis change her mind already.*'

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To her misfortune, Satsuki remained adamant in her decision to make Ryuko have a job in the bakery. The girl had responded by locking herself in her room and listening to the loud beats of heavy metal music for an infuriatingly long amount of time. She didn't remember how many times exactly her sister had banged her fist on the door while yelling at her to lower the volume, but she was fairly certain it was over five.

The next day was even worse. It was raining, and Ryuko hadn't brought an umbrella or a raincoat. Hell, she didn't even have a hat, just her old, worn-out letterman jacket she wasn't sure she had washed for a week. It didn't even have a hood. Goddamnit, she thought.

Slamming the doors to the bakery, her eyes widened at the significantly larger amount of customers. Must be the rain.

She took her place behind the counter and helped Mako out with taking the orders wordlessly, handing them their requested breads and listing down the prices. Time went by, and it was nearly five by the time the rain had let up and all the customers had gone. Mako heaved a great sigh and flopped on a nearby chair.

"That was a whole lotta work, Ryuko-chan! Are you tired?"

"Mm." Ryuko blinked - the brunette was actually sweating. "It's not hot, is it?"

Mako looked incredibly surprised at the prospect of Ryuko bringing up a conversation topic, but she replied easily. "Nah, I guess not. It's just -" She was cut off by a loud crack of thunder booming outside. She squeaked, jumping out of her seat, before noticing Ryuko's rather amused expression and hurriedly sat back down. "Uh..."

"You looked funny," the raven-haired girl blurted out before she could stop herself. "Your hair just stood up and your eyes couldn't possibly get that big." A chuckle bubbled through her throat. Well, this was rather uncharacteristic of her.

Mako brightened, a grin spreading on her face. "I made Ryuko-chan happy!" She cried.

"What, I'm not bored all the time, am I?"

"When I see you, you are! You should be happier now!"

This girl was too endearing for her own good. Ryuko didn't want to get attached; she was going to leave soon, she knew. The pay just wasn't enough. She didn't - *shouldn't* - get attached.

When she looked at Mako's smile again, she thought, screw it, I'll enjoy myself, to hell with the consequences.

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It was raining again the next day. More rain, more customers, that was something Ryuko had figured out.

This time, she responded to Mako's jokes and, occasionally, horrible puns that were so bad they were hilarious. She cracked a joke with one of the customers and they got a hundred yen tip. Nice one. She gave herself a pat on the back for effort and success. That should add to the pay, especially since Mako saw it.

This time, though, the rain continued on until four fifty, steadily getting harder, and the bakery also steadily getting fuller. Mako was visibly starting to panic from the number of customers, as she knew Ryuko's leaving time, and she knew full well she wouldn't be able to handle this many customers on her own without going absolutely ballistic. Being home-schooled with little social interaction did that to you.

Ryuko wasn't blind, really. She saw the size of Mako's eyes increasing, and the clock's hand was -

Tick. Five pm.

She sighed, put down her bag, and mumbled a 'I'm *really* going to regret this' before she joined the brunette in her work. She ignored both Mako's wide-eyed, thankful look and the feeling of her own cheeks heating up.

She lacked any sort of shelter from the rain, so when the bakery closed for the day, Mako walked her home under her bright pink umbrella. Ryuko supposed she enjoyed it a little bit.

Satsuki caught sight of the brunette waving goodbye to Ryuko as she entered their house. The corner of her lip twitched upwards.

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A sunny day, this time. Better described as an uneventful day.

Ryuko trudged on the concrete sidewalk, her feet dragging on the ground as she walked into the bakery looking half-dead from the scorching heat. Mako almost thought she was a zombie and let out a shriek, prompting Sukuyo Mankanshoku to burst out of the back room while waving a giant knife. Ryuko screamed and Sukuyo screamed and soon enough the entire bakery was screaming. A customer walked in and walked out just as fast.

After the incident was settled, Mako hugged her and thanked God her best friend hadn't turned into a zombie. Ryuko tried to tell her they weren't 'best' friends, but the brunette refused to listen. Ryuko wasn't sure she was totally sad about that.

Incidentally, her joking-with-customers skill was getting better. Another hundred yen in the tip box, another extra yen in her wallet.

For some reason, she glanced over at Mako for a split second before leaving at five.

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A week went by. Ryuko found herself getting very, very distracted by the thought of that girl in the bakery during school time. Then she found herself doodling Mako's face on her English notebook and she

knew this was probably unhealthy. She tore the page out, crumpled it up, and -

She hesitated. Then she smoothened the paper out, stared at the badly-drawn sketch of the brunette's face, and placed it in her bag.

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Satsuki saw it and smiled a small little smile. Ryuko snatched the paper right out of her hands and shoved it in the trash bin this time around.

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When her sister wasn't looking, Ryuko went back and retrieved the mistreated notebook paper and placed it in a drawer.

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Another week. Ryuko was starting to wonder why she started paying more attention to her Art class. Of course, until she noticed she was starting to use Mako as her base for all the projects she needed to do and she found herself repeatedly banging her head on her desk.

Nonon made fun of her for it. Ryuko pointed out the sketchy outline of a girl with long hair and thick eyebrows on the pinkette's notebook and Nonon responded with a finger and the word 'shithead'.  
Eloquent.

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Her third week of working in the bakery and Ryuko was figuring that this was starting to become an unhealthy obsession. For one, she was skipping school to work in the bakery full-time, which defeated the entire purpose of even working in the bakery in the first place. Satsuki would probably kill her for it, but what Satsuki didn't know won't hurt her. At least, Ryuko hoped so, because she wasn't looking forward to a news report about someone being killed by unnaturally giant eyebrows.

Mako was overjoyed that Ryuko had started working almost full-time now, but fretted over her cutting classes. Ryuko waved it off and told



her a lame excuse (one of the lamest excuses in Ryuko's entire life, to be quite honest) that she can take certain school days off for work. Thankfully, Mako believed her and doesn't tell Satsuki anything about it, which is good because Satsuki sees through literally anything. Ryuko is a firm believer in the theory that her sister can see through walls if she tried hard enough.

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Fine, she'll say it. Ryuko kissed Mako first.

It was a spur of the moment thing. It was raining and Mako was walking Ryuko home from work again and when they stopped in front of Ryuko's house, the raven-haired girl just decided to screw it, swooped down, and kissed her right on the lips.

They had their first kiss in the rain. In Ryuko's opinion, there was a great atmosphere, but it's really all because that in addition to paying more attention in Art class, she started watching more cheesy romance chick-flicks too.

They broke free with a thin string of saliva between them. Ryuko grimaced but Mako just laughed - loudly, too - and started kissing Ryuko again and again and again until their lips started throbbing.

"One last," Mako pleaded, and Ryuko doesn't say no to those big brown eyes.

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It's around a month later when Satsuki has to start working in the bakery part-time, too, because Ryuko and Mako are always in the back room for some reason. Nonon, who started working at the same time as Satsuki, reckons they're too busy eating each other's faces to hear the customer ringing the bell.

In three weeks, Nonon refuses to share the back room with Ryuko and Mako. Sukuyo decides it's about time for a renovation as celebration for getting enough money to actually afford a renovation.